

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

SCOTT SNYDER

RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

AMERICAN VAMPIRE

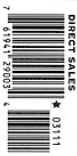
VERTIGO

The
BLACKLIST
Part Four

\$2.99 us

31 Nov '12

suggested for
mature readers
verligocomics.com



AMERICAN VAMPIRE

VERTIGO



The BLACKLIST Part Four

AME

\$2.99 US

31 Nov '12

suggested for
mature readers

vertigocomics.com



SCOTT
SNYDER
RAFAEL
ALBUQUERQUE



I REMEMBER ONCE, WHEN I WAS A GIRL, WATCHING MY MOTHER LOOK AT HERSELF IN THE MIRROR. SHE WAS EXAMINING HER LEGS, THE BROKEN VEINS IN THE CALVES, THE SPOTS FROM THE SUN.



MY FATHER CAME IN AND SHE SHOODED HIM AWAY, BUT HE SAID, "SKIN'S JUST PAPER, WHERE YOU MAKE THE MAP OF YOUR LIFE." HE SAID HE LOVED HER WRINKLES AND SUCH FOR THAT.

SHE LAUGHED AND TOLD HIM IF HE EVER CALLED HER AN OLD PIECE OF PAPER AGAIN SHE'D PACK HIS BAGS FOR HIM.



BUT THAT STAYED WITH ME, THAT IDEA THAT OUR SKIN IS A MAP, TO SHOW US WHERE WE'VE BEEN, WHAT WE'VE DONE, GOOD AND BAD. I REMEMBER BEING A LITTLE GIRL AND RUNNING MY FINGER ALONG A SCAB, WONDERING IF IT'D BECOME A PERMANENT MARK, WANTING IT TO.



IT WAS ONE OF THE SCARIEST REALIZATIONS, WHEN I FIRST BECAME A VAMPIRE--FINDING THAT ALL MY SCARS HAD DISAPPEARED, ALL THE MARKS AND LINES, UNDERSTANDING THAT MY SKIN WOULD BE FOREVER BLANK.

I REMEMBER TELLING YOU THIS, HENRY, EARLY ON, AND I REMEMBER YOU SAYING TO ME, "DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE THE MAP FOR BOTH OF US." WE WERE DOWN BY THE WATER, IN OUR PLACE IN ARROWHEAD.



I'VE NEVER LOVED ANYONE AS MUCH AS I LOVED YOU RIGHT THEN."



PEARL...?

THE BLACKLIST

part four of six

SCOTT SNYDER writer RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE artist
DAVE MCCAIG colors JARED K. FLETCHER letters ALBUQUERQUE cover
JOCK variant cover GREGORY LOCKARD asst. editor MARK BOYLE editor
AMERICAN VAMPIRE created by SCOTT SNYDER & RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE





HEH, I THINK
I'VE DONE ENOUGH
RESTING TO LAST ME
THE REST OF THE
FIFTIES. MAYBE EVEN
THE SIXTIES.

HAVE YOU
BEEN...ALL
RIGHT?



...
NO, NO, I
HAVEN'T.



DON'T EVER
DO THAT TO
ME AGAIN,
EVER.



I'LL DO
MY BEST. I
PROMISE.

I TAKE
IT THIS ISN'T
A NORMAL
HOSPITAL.













WITHOUT
ME.



YES,
WITHOUT
YOU.

SKINNER,
IF YOU WAIT AN
HOUR, TWO AT
MOST, UNTIL
HENRY IS--

UH-UH. NO MORE WAITING. WE'VE GOT
TWO NAMES LEFT ON THE LIST. AND
INTELLIGENCE IS BLOCH, OR WHOEVER
THE COVEN LEADER IS, HAS ALREADY
MOVED THESE ONES TWICE. THE
ADDRESS I'VE GOT FROM BIXBY IS
OUT IN THE DESERT, FOR
FUCK'S SAKE.

HE'S MOVING
THEM TO NEW
LOCATIONS?

SSHHH
YOU'RE
BEHIND THE
TIMES,
DOLLY.



WAIT
FOR ME.
I'M TALKING
ABOUT AN
HOUR.

AND I'M
SAYING
NO.





LOOK, SKINNER. WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CAVE--

WE FUCKED. SO WHAT?



DON'T DO THAT. DON'T BE THE--



AGH!

THIRTY YEARS AGO, LOS ANGELES. I NEED A DISTRACTION FOR BLOCH. AND THE REST OF HIS FLOCK. SOMETHING TO KEEP THEM OCCUPIED WHILE I GET OUT OF DODGE.



SO I FIND THIS DUMB LITTLE BITCH IN A DITCH. SOMEONE I KNOW IS TOO STUPID, TOO "GOOD," TO DO ANYTHING BUT GO AFTER BLOCH AND HIS COVEN IF SHE HAS THE CHANCE.



SO... VOILA, I MAKE YOU.



WHY'D YOU STAY TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL ME AFTERWARDS?

SAME REASON I HAVEN'T KILLED YOU A THOUSAND TIMES OVER THE PAST THIRTY YEARS. BECAUSE THE BOTTOM LINE IS: I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU ENOUGH TO BOTHER KILLING YOU.

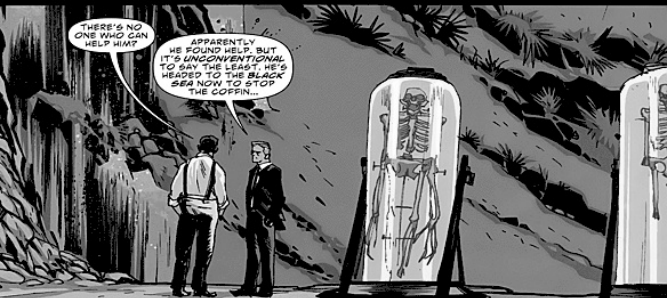
YOU WERE NOTHING TO ME THEN, AND YOU'RE NOTHING TO ME NOW. EXCEPT A PASSING AMUSEMENT.



NOW LET GO OF THE BIKE BEFORE I EAT YOUR FUCKING THROAT.



"HEARD FROM
HOBBS..."



THERE'S NO ONE WHO CAN HELP HIM?

APPARENTLY HE FOUND HELP. BUT IT'S UNCONVENTIONAL TO SAY THE LEAST. HE'S HEADED TO THE BLACK SEA NOW TO STOP THE COFFIN...



PEARL: I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU. HENRY'S DOC SAID HE'S GOING TO BE LIKE THIS, IN AND OUT FOR A BIT, UNTIL HE'S IN THE CLEAR.

RIGHT, GOOD.

HEY, YOU OKAY, PEARL? WHAT IS IT?

WHAT? IT'S NOTHING.



I'M JUST THINKING ABOUT THE LIST IS ALL. IT'S TRUE THAT BLOCH, OR WHOEVER IS BEHIND THIS, HAS BEEN MOVING HIS MINIONS?

THAT WAS THE INTELLIGENCE THAT CAME IN LAST NIGHT, YES.

AND WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT COULD MEAN A NUMBER OF THINGS. LIKELY IT MEANS YOU'VE GOTTEN TO HIM, BADLY, YOU AND AGENT SWEET. THAT YOU'VE BEATEN HIM BACK TO THE ROPES.

BUT IT COULD ALSO MEAN HE'S REGROUPING.

IT COULD, YES,
BUT WE WON'T
KNOW UNLESS
HE MAKES A
MOVE.

UNTIL THEN,
THOUGH...

UNTIL THEN, WE GO ABOUT OUR
BUSINESS, AGENT PRESTON. AND
IF WHAT YOU'RE ASKING IS WHAT
YOU DO, YOU AND YOUR
HUSBAND, WELL, YOU'VE DONE
GREAT WORK FOR US, WE
APPRECIATE IT.

WE'LL KEEP YOU UPDATED
ON ANY INTELLIGENCE WE
GET CONCERNING BLOCH.
OTHERWISE, WE'LL TRY
TO STAY OUT OF
YOUR HAIR.

I THOUGHT THE
PLAN WAS TO GET
BLOCH HIMSELF.
TO KILL HIM. HOW
AM I SUPPOSED TO
GO BACK TO LIVING
MY LIFE WITH
HENRY KNOWING HE
COULD COME
AFTER US AGAIN?
THAT HE MIGHT
EVEN BE PLANNING
SOMETHING
BIGGER, RIGHT
NOW, MOVING HIS
MINIONS INTO
POSITION FOR
SOME BIG
STRIKE?

FRANKLY, I CAN'T
ANSWER THAT. IT SOUNDS
LIKE YOU'RE ASKING ME
HOW TO LIVE LIFE KNOWING
THEY'RE OUT THERE ALL
THE TIME. AND I'M AFRAID
I CAN'T TELL YOU
BECAUSE MY SOLUTION
IS NOT TO.

I LEARNED
ABOUT THEM IN A VERY,
VERY UGLY WAY, ABOUT
SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO, ON
A SUNNY AFTERNOON, AT A
DINER IN MY HOMETOWN.
FROM THAT MOMENT
FORWARD, I COULDN'T LIVE
MY LIFE ANYMORE.

I WAS TOO
AFRAID OF WHAT MIGHT
BE COMING AT ANY MOMENT.
LUCKILY, OLD HOBBS FOUND ME
AND INVITED ME TO JOIN UP. AND
SINCE THEN, WHAT I'VE LEARNED
ABOUT MYSELF IS THAT THE WAY
I LIVE WITH THAT UNCERTAINTY
IS BY DOING THIS, PURSUING
THEM EVERY DAY.

STAKING AS
MANY OF THOSE
SONS OF
BITCHES AS I
CAN.

AND I KNOW
YOU'RE PLANNING ON
LEAVING US AND GOING
BACK TO YOUR LIFE
AFTER THIS, BUT
YOU HAVE AN OPEN
INVITATION...

I JUST WANT...
TO TAKE DOWN...
BLOCH AND BE DONE.
HE'S THE ONE WHO
DESTROYED MY LIFE
ALL THOSE YEARS
AGO, AND THE ONE
WHO CAME CLOSE
TO DESTROYING
IT NOW.



UNDERSTOOD.
UNFORTUNATELY, WE DON'T
HAVE MUCH INTEL RIGHT NOW. ALL
WE'VE GOT IS THAT GOLD WE
REMOVED FROM YOUR WOUNDS--
THE GOLD THE VAMPIRES FROM
DONNEGAN'S PLACE HAD
BENEATH THEIR NAILS--

I HAD IT ANALYZED.
IT'S ACTUALLY A BRAND
CALLED KINGLY. USED A HIGH
CONCENTRATION OF GOLD
LEAF. IT'S DEFUNCT NOW, BUT
BACK IN THE TWENTIES, IT
WAS USED A LOT IN
MOVIES.

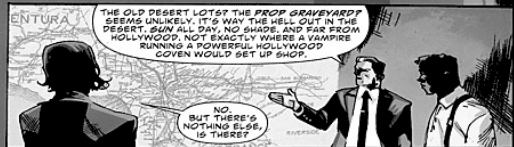


KINGLY. I REMEMBER. ON SET WE USED TO JOKE
ABOUT STEALING THE CANS FROM BACKSTAGE
AND REDUCING THE PAINT FOR GOLD SO WE
COULD PAY OUR RENT.

RIGHT, SO
THERE'S THAT, BUT
IT ISN'T MUCH. THERE'S
THE COMMENT ABOUT
"THE LOT" THAT THEY
MADE ON THE BOAT.
ABOUT GETTING BACK
TO THEIR "LOT."
STILL, NOT MUCH...



NO, BUT
MAYBE THE
COMBINATION
OF THE
TWO...



ENTURA

THE OLD DESERT LOTS? THE PROP GRAVEYARD?
SEEMS UNLIKELY. IT'S WAY THE HELL OUT IN THE
DESERT. SUN ALL DAY, NO SHADE. AND FAR FROM
HOLLYWOOD, NOT EXACTLY WHERE A VAMPIRE
RUNNING A POWERFUL HOLLYWOOD
COVEN WOULD SET UP SHOP.

NO.
BUT THERE'S
NOTHING ELSE,
IS THERE?



YOU'D LIKELY
BE BETTER
OFF GOING
AFTER THE
MOVED
TARGET,
WITH AGENT
SW--

NO, I'LL
CHECK THE
LOT.

IF YOU
WANT TO, I
WOULDN'T
WANT YOU TO
WASTE YOUR
TIME.

SUNNY
DAY, NICE
AFTERNOON.
YOU COULD
TAKE IT
OFF.

I'M
A VAMPIRE,
AGENT SIXXY.
WHERE BETTER
TO TAKE A DAY
OFF...

"...THAN A
GRAVEYARD?"







...A PEEK
AT THE
TRUTH.



THE
UGLY
TRUTH!

YOU ARE
LOVELY, MY
DEAR.



AND YES,
I AM UGLY. FOR
THAT I THANK YOU
AND YOUR BEAU, WHO
LEFT ME BURNING IN
THE SUNLIGHT. I
WOULD HAVE
DIED, TOO.



BUT BEING IN PICTURES,
THERE'S NEVER ANY SHORTAGE
OF HUMAN SYCOPHANTS TO
HELP ONE, WHEN ONE IS, HOW
YOU PEOPLE SAY "IN A BAD
WAY," TO PULL ONE OUT
OF THE FIRE...

**BLAM
BLAM**







ENOUGH!



WE DON'T WANT
HER DEAD JUST
YET. MS. JONES IS
OUR GUEST.



SCOWLS IT'S
MRS. PRESTON,
ASSHOLE...

AND I CAN'T
SAY I'M IMPRESSED,
BLOCH. A TRASH HEAP
IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE DESERT.

PRETTY
PITIFUL FOR
A COVEN
LEADER.



BUT I'M NOT THE SIRE
OF THIS COVEN. NO, I
GAVE THAT TITLE UP
LONG AGO.

I GAVE IT
UP TO THE ONE
WHO SAVED US. THE
ONE WHO FORGAVE
ME AND CAME BACK
TO RULE. OUR TRUE
LEADER...



NO...

A black and white comic book panel. In the foreground, a woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark, form-fitting top. She is looking upwards and to the right with a wide, toothy grin. In the upper right corner, a large, dark, monstrous face with a wide, toothy mouth and a single visible eye is looking down at her. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the monster and one from the woman. The background is a light gray with some dark, angular shapes floating around.

YOUR OLD FRIEND,
NOW OUR QUEEN,
HATTIE HARGROVE.

HI THERE,
PEARLY. MISS
ME?

To be
continued...



IN MEMORIAM



JOE KUBERT

September 18, 1926 – August 12, 2012

Joe Kubert had a special kind of life-force. Certainly, he was a gifted artist and master storyteller, but it was his integrity, passion, kindness, and strong sense of conviction that I'll remember most. He was like family.

Joe was one of our medium's true pioneers. Drawing since he was old enough to hold a piece of chalk, he started professionally illustrating at age 12 and never stopped. Over seven decades, he had drawn scores of memorable characters for many companies, but primarily for DC: most notably HAWKMAN, TARZAN, ENEMY ACE, BATMAN, THE FLASH; he was also co-creator of SGT. ROCK, RAGMAN and creator of TOR. In addition, Joe was DC's Editorial Director from 1967-1976 and soon after leaving staff he founded the cartooning school that bears his name with his wife, Muriel. The only full-time accredited college devoted to comics, the Kubert School has graduated many of our industry's finest artists including two of Joe's sons, Adam and Andy. Most special to me were those first few graduating classes, with Steve Bissette, John Totleben, Rick Veitch and Tom Yeates, amazing creative talents and longtime friends of mine.

While Joe was expanding the Kubert School and teaching full-time, he was still drawing full-time. And in the years to come, he created his most personal works: ABRAHAM STONE, FAX FROM SARAJEVO, JEW GANGSTER, DONG XOAI, VIETNAM 1965, and for me his masterpiece, YOSSEL: APRIL 19, 1943. Joe's family emigrated from Poland when he was a baby, and Yosiel is the tragic, inspiring and all-too-real story of what might have been if they had never left. Reproduced entirely from Joe's pencil art, the emotion and vitality of Joe's work has never been as effective, enduring and heart-stopping.

When Joe suddenly got ill a few weeks ago, I spent a lot of time thinking about him. I remembered that in 1980, the first cover I commissioned as an editor was from him for HOUSE OF MYSTERY #292. During the next several years while Joe was still editing SGT. ROCK, he would come into the offices at 75 Rock once a week to handle business and to meet with writer Bob Kanigher, his longtime collaborator. The two of them couldn't have been more different. But they were both storytelling masters who loved to challenge each other. I always remember hearing loud voices coming from Joe's office and seeing that gleam in his eye as he and Bob would go at it.

Joe was a man of unerring principle and conviction. And though he respected a lot of what Vertigo published, he would often tell me that he was worried that some of it was too strong, and he didn't want me to get into trouble. Still, I think he was proud of me, and that's what matters the most. And although most of his books weren't published under Vertigo, it meant the world to me that he insisted that all of his most personal work be handled under my purview along with fellow Vertigo editor Will Dennis.

Joe was up in the office just a couple of months ago and he looked as great as ever. Who would've thought that this almost 86-year-old man who lived life to its fullest would be leaving us so soon. Artist, writer, teacher, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, friend to many, Joe Kubert always claimed that he was a lucky man to have such a wonderful family and such a wonderful life. For those of us fortunate enough to know this one-of-a-kind and genuine soul, we were also the lucky ones.

What a talent, what a legacy, what a man.

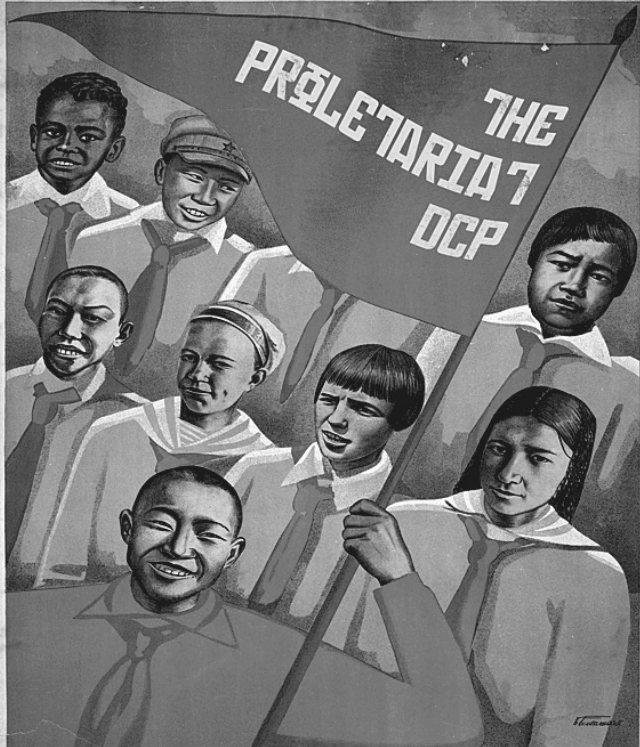
Rest in peace, dear Joe.

Kane

KAREN BERGER Senior VP Executive Editor, Vertigo • BOB BARBAS VP Editor in Chief • DIANE NELSON President
DAN BISHOP and JIM LEE Co-Publishers • GERRY JOHNS Chief Creative Officer • JOHN BOOD Executive VP Sales,
Marketing and Business Development • AMY GENSINS Senior VP Business and Legal Affairs • NANCY GARDNER
Senior VP Finance • JEFF BUSCH Senior VP Publishing Operations • NANCY CHARTERIS VP Art Direction and Design
JOHN CONNOR Senior VP Marketing • ERIC CONNOR Senior VP Sales Relations and Services • ALISON
GILL Senior VP Manufacturing and Operations • NANCY KANAL Senior VP Digital • JEFF KOSAN VP
Business and Legal Affairs, Publishing • JACK MARAN VP Business Affairs, Talent • RICK RAPUZZANO
VP Manufacturing Administration • COURTNEY SIMMONS Senior VP Publicity • BOB WATNEY Senior VP Sales

AMERICAN VAMPIRE #1, November, 2012. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. GST # is R125920102. Copyright © 2012 Scott Snyder and DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. VERTIGO and all characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof and related elements are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories or artwork. For Advertising and Custom Publishing contact dccomicsadvertising@dc.com. Printed by Transcontinental Interlobe, Beauveille, QC, Canada. DC Comics, a Warner Bros. Entertainment Company.





МОЛОДИ БИШОВИЧЕНЯТА ЗАВЖДИ ГОТОВИ
ДО БОРЬБИ ЗА СПРАВУ ЛЕНИНА